

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 26 July 1961





Mimosas bloom on London River

The moment I stepped into our cabin there it was . . . a huge bunch of golden yellow mimosa that made a sunny afternoon seem even brighter.

There were only two words on the card. "From Tom". Even one's husband can be romantic sometimes! As I buried my face in those gorgeous flowers something told me I'd never forget that moment—or that ship.

Probably to you a ship seems a huge, impersonal thing. But not the Arcadia. She was home to us from then on and the people on board looked after us as if we were

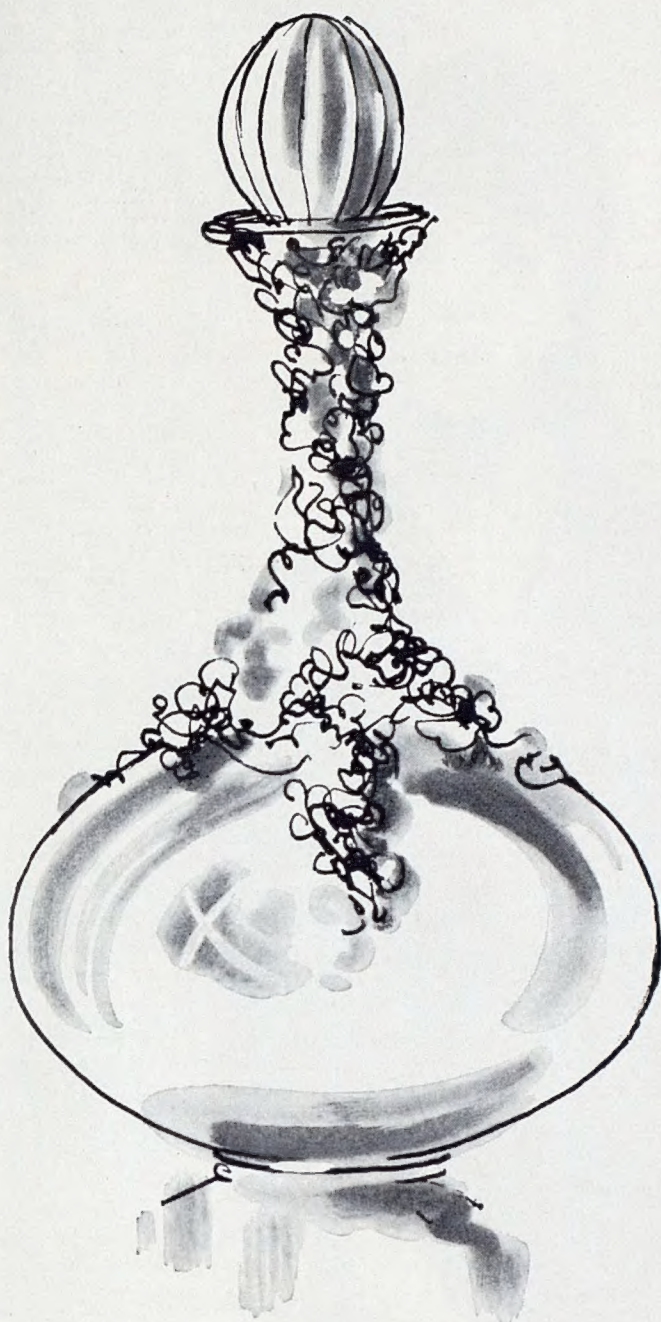
their only concern. We swam, we danced, we sun-bathed, we trotted round Naples and Colombo and all the other heavenly ports of call. And when we got to Sydney, and realised San Francisco was still four whole weeks away, I had the sort of feeling you have when you wake up too early and know you can go back to sleep again.

It had to end, of course. But for ten blissful weeks mimosas bloomed the whole day through and all my geese were swans.

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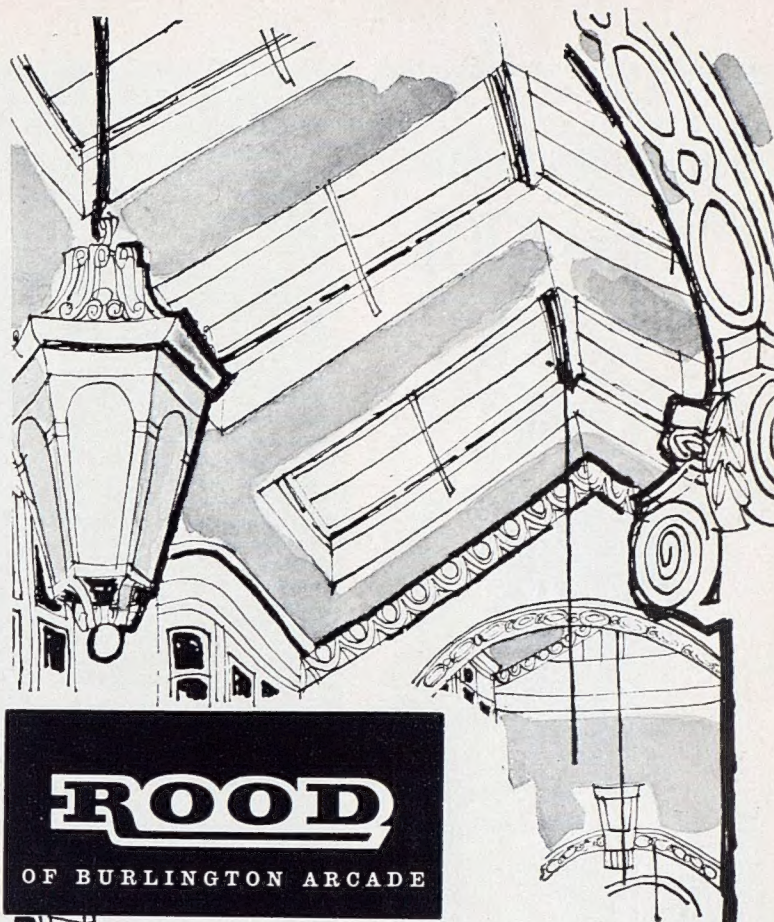
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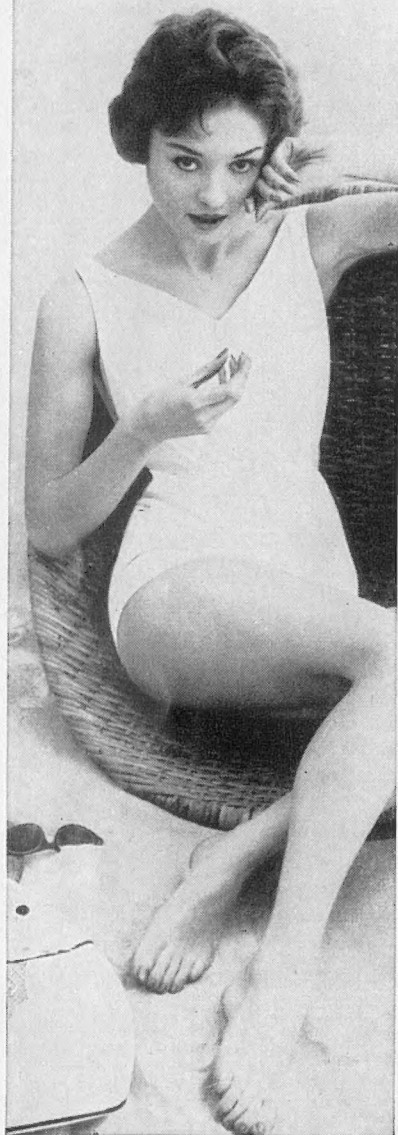
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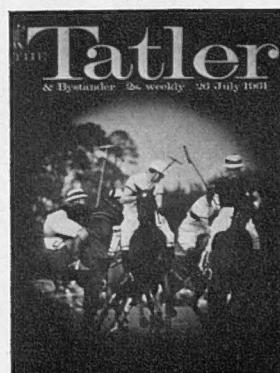
26 JULY 1961

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It's the season for parties, for picnics and for polo—especially for polo. Everybody seems to be playing it this month, with one notable exception—Prince Philip, whose ankle injury will keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. The Cowdray Gold Cup match, now regarded as the open championship of the polo season, drew bigger crowds than ever this year. Tom Hustler took his camera along and his picture report begins on page 157. Women aren't expected to know all the finer points of the game but it's pretty important to choose the right clothes for watching it. For informed advice see *Endurers v. Enchanters* (page 175) . . . points are scored whichever side you back. Yachting—Prince Philip's other favourite sport—is also under full sail. Muriel Bowen and Desmond O'Neill went to the Isle of Wight to see the start of the Cowes-Dinard race (see page 160) and they'll be back there in mid-August to cover Cowes Week which Prince Philip will be attending for the first time as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Another sailing event on the island—the inter-Service yachting at Seaview—will be reported in next week's issue. More advance news . . . a list of Little Season dances will be published on 30 August; details and photographs should be sent to Miss Bowen during the coming week. To complete the outdoor flavour of this week's Tatler: three features from three pastoral counties . . . from Norfolk: *The Coaching Set*; from Cornwall: *Le Quartier St. Ives*—Ida Kar photographed the artists and sculptors who live there . . . from Sussex: a picture report on the making of Glyndebourne's newest production, see *Experiment in Opera*, page 166.

The cover:



The polo boom began some years back, thanks mainly to the efforts of Viscount Cowdray and Prince Philip, and there's no sign of a let-up yet. This telescopic action shot was taken by Jack Esten during one of the first rounds of the Royal Windsor Cup played off at the start of Ascot Week. For a wider screen treatment turn to the pictures on page 157 and to Muriel Bowen's report of the Cowdray Gold Cup match on page 159.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Medway Yacht Club Biennial Ball, aboard the *Arethusa*, off Upnor, nr. Rochester, 28 July.

Cowes Week, 29 July-5 August. (Fireworks night, 4 August; Fastnet race, 5 August.)

Royal London Y.C. Ball, Cowes, 1 August.

"The Beggar's Opera," at Audley End, Saffron Walden, Essex, by the Cambridge Opera de Camera, in aid of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. 31 July, 1 August. (Tickets: Mr. P. M. Dickinson, Manager, Westminster Bank, Saffron Walden.) Buffet refreshment before performances. Other performances for the same cause at the Tithe Barn, Stanway, Gos., 3, 4, 5, 6 August. (Tickets: Mr. Guy Benson, Stanway House, Gos.) Champagne supper on lawn during interval.

Dublin Horse Show, 8-12 August.

Monte Carlo Gala Ball, for the Monaco Red Cross, at the Summer Sporting Club, 11 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Thirsk, 28, 29 July; Carlisle, Lewes, Warwick, 29; Warwick, Folkestone, 31 July; Alexandra Park, 1; Redcar, 2, 3; Sandown Park, 2; Bath, 2, 3 August.

CRICKET

Fourth Test Match, England v. Australia, Old Trafford, Manchester, 27 July-1 August.

CROQUET

Open championships, Hurlingham, 31 July-5 August.

MUSICAL

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet in *The Snow Maiden*,

8 p.m. tonight, 27, 28, 29, 30 July, also 5 p.m. 30 July; *Swan Lake* (Act II), *The Witch Boy*, *Bourée Fantastique*, 8 p.m., 31 July-5 August, also 5 p.m. 5 August. (WAT 3191.)

Victoria & Albert Museum, Concert by Philomusica of London, 7.30 p.m., 30 July. Tickets from agents.

Holland Park Open Air Concert, 7.30 p.m., 30 July.

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly (ex. Sundays). (KEN 8212.)

FESTIVALS

Hintlesham Summer Festival, Hintlesham Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk. Ballet performances, 7.30 p.m., 28, 29 July, also 3.30 p.m., 29 July. All tickets bookable in advance from Hintlesham Hall (Hintlesham 322, 268 before 6 p.m.)

King's Lynn Festival, to 29 July.

Beaulieu Jazz Festival, 29, 30 July.

EXHIBITIONS

Russian Trade Fair, Earls Court, to 29 July.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to October.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, exhibition & market, Painswick, 5-26 August. 2.30-9 p.m. 5 August, other days 11 a.m.-7 p.m., Sats. to 9 p.m.

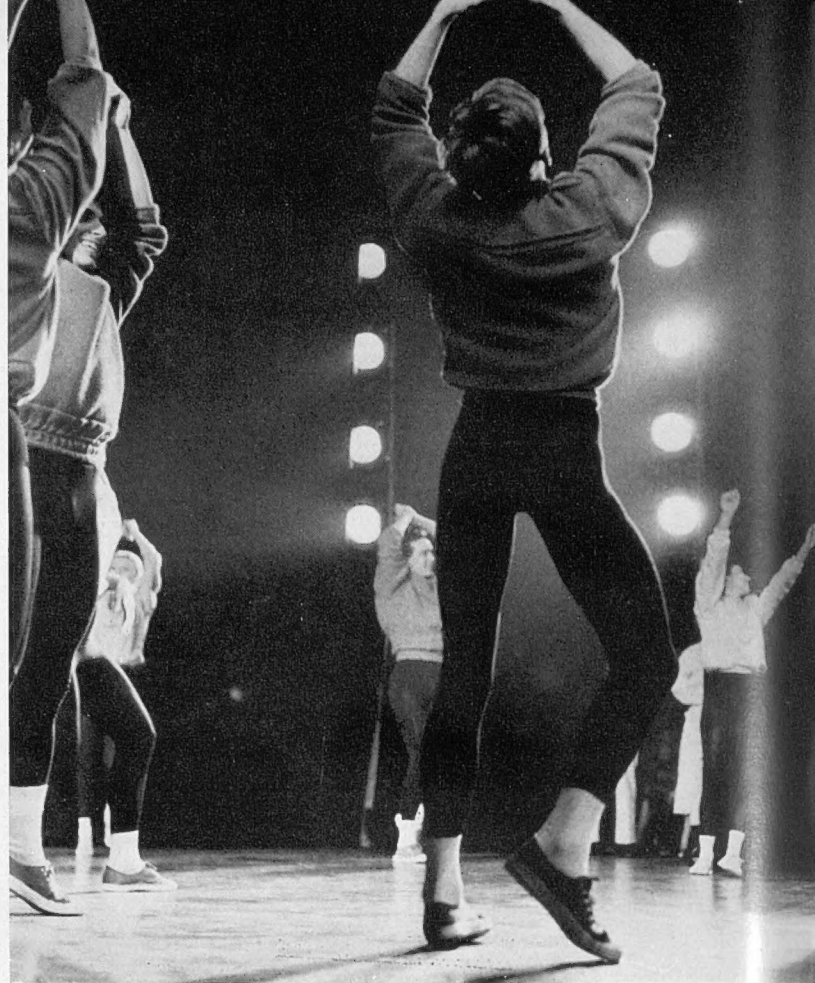
"The Architecture Of Technology," I.U.A. Exhibition Building, South Bank, to 29 July.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 13 August.

Daumier paintings & drawings, Tate Gallery, to 30 July.

Henri Martin paintings, 1860-1943, Kaplan Gallery.



BALLET DANCED HERE is entitled *Opus Jazz*. It is in the repertoire of *Ballets, U.S.A.*, who open a three weeks' season at the Saville Theatre on 1 August. Moving spirit of the company is Jerome Robbins, of "*West Side Story*" and "*The King & I*," and the programme will include a new companion jazz ballet to *Opus* called *Events*, with music by Robert Price

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. *The Bishop's Bonfire*, tonight.

Royal Court Theatre. *Luther*, 27 July.

Saville Theatre. *Ballets, U.S.A.*, 1 August.

Whitehall Theatre. *One For The Pot*, 2 August.

Vaudeville Theatre. *Wildest Dreams*, 3 August.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 183.

Beyond The Fringe. "... really

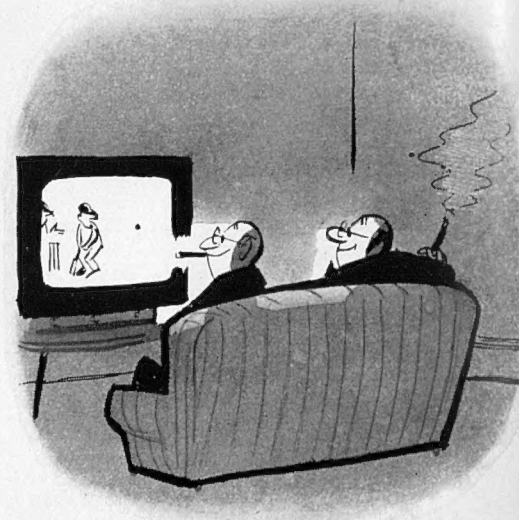
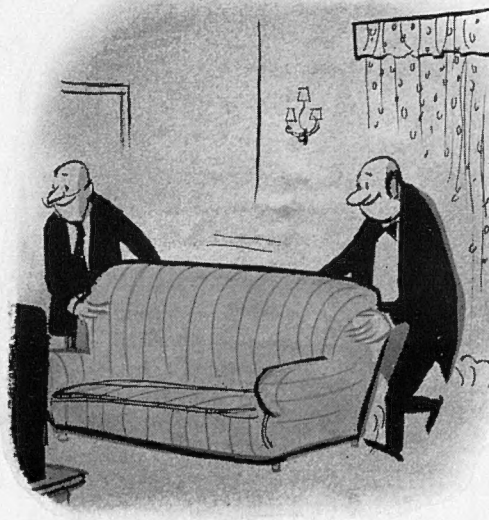
intelligent, witty and funny... four mighty fine clowns..." Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore. (Fortune Theatre, TEM 2238.)

CINEMA

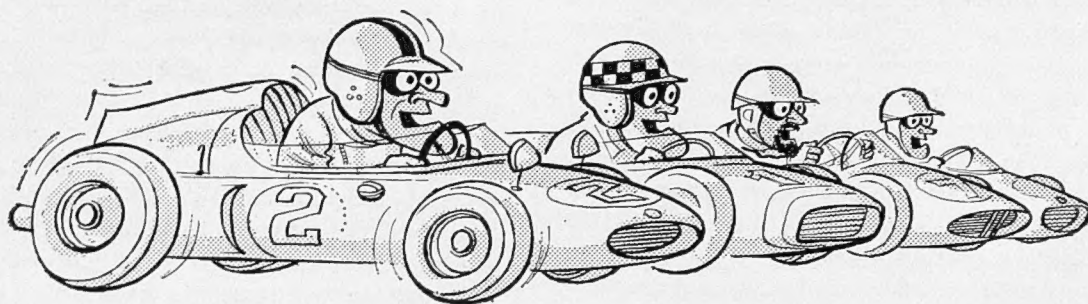
From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 184.

Breathless. "Its study of modern, anarchic youth is the most dispassionate & the most telling I have yet seen." Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg (Academy Cinema, GER 2981.)

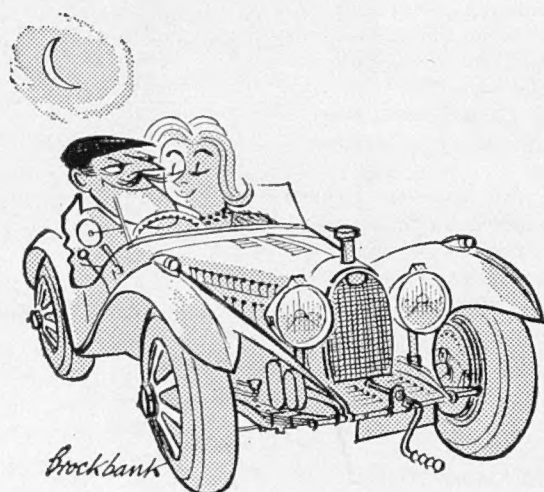
BRIGGS by Graham



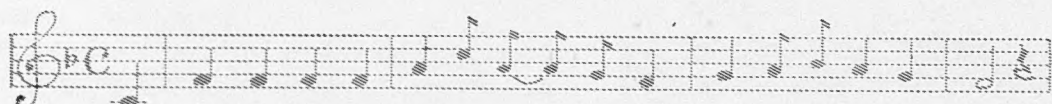
Racing-drivers chant it
as they line up at the start,



Driving-teachers make their pupils
learn it off by heart,



Sweethearts gently breathe it
when the time has come to part—



The Es - so sign means hap - py mo - tor - ing Call at the Es - so sign ... for



GOLDEN



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GOING PLACES LATE

New and old worlds

Douglas Sutherland

CURIOSITY AND MISS DIANA DORS TEMPTED ME DOWN RECENTLY TO **The Room at the Top**, a new sky-high restaurant on the top of Harrison Gibson's store at Ilford. A large amount of money must have gone into this up-to-date restaurant and cocktail bar, and the result would do credit to the West End of London—or any other capital city for that matter—it reminded me of the delightful *Top of the Sixes* in New York. A good idea for an unusual way to spend a summer evening were it not for one thing. The bar closes down like a clam at 10.30 p.m., leaving the diner high and dry somewhere around the middle of his meal and an hour short of cabaret time. Fellow diners' reaction—mild surprise as we sat silent on our peak in Ilford.

I have never really discovered what governs the granting of late night licences outside London, but generally speaking I have come to accept extra early closing as inevitable whether you are eating or not. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to come across an exception to the rule in the wilds of East Anglia. **The Old Bell & Steelyard** is a charming old world pub outside Woodbridge where they have a licence to drink with food up to midnight. Specialities of the house are *scampi* and steak, but the bargain of the year to my mind, is oysters at 7s. 6d. a doz. Not Colchesters certainly, though Colchester is only a few miles away, but Portuguese and good ones at that. London restaurants please copy. I asked the landlord, ex-naval officer John Milner, how he came to have a later licence than anyone else; the answer was quite simple. He applied and it was granted. "Nobody else seemed to want to take the trouble," he said, and maybe that is the answer in other parts of the country as well. Altogether a first class well-run hostelry which it is worth going out of your way to visit.

I hear from Dick Brennan, who runs the **Wig & Pen**, one of London's most successful clubs, that his plans for expansion are now well ahead. The **Wig & Pen** is in Fleet Street opposite the Law Courts and provides

a home from home for journalists, writers, and legal eagles who inhabit those parts. The new extensions will enable the club to expand its membership and accommodate most of the long waiting list. Proud boast of the club is "It is never too late to lunch at the Wig & Pen" and the downstairs restaurant runs an excellent and substantial menu from midday onwards for members whose profession is notorious for keeping irregular hours.

The new extension to the club takes in two houses and will include a glass-enclosed restaurant on the roof from where diners can peer into the dusty windows of the Divorce Courts. There will also be a writing room, a sports room and several bars.

The manager of the club is ex-Seaforth Highlander piper Eddie Taylor, who was born within the sound of Bow bells and the three present bars are run by George, Pat and Monty, all sufficiently characters in their own right to deserve individual mention.

Membership is at present £5 5s., but it is likely that with the new facilities new members will be asked to pay more. Drinks are at normal prices and the food good—if expensive by Fleet Street standards.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) Peggy Lee, with Corbett Monica

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Frances Faye, American singer, and the Ten O'Clock Follies

Winston's (REG 5411) Danny la Rue produces and stars in This Is Your Nightlife, plus early evening show, Old Time Music Hall

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves and Hutch

Savoy (TEM 4343) Hall, Norman & Ladd, comedy musicians, plus Helmuth Gunther, juggler and the Savoy Dancers

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) Noel Harrison

Society (REG 0565) Felicia Sanders. Final week



Joan Heal is at the *Hungaria* for a month in cabaret

GOING PLACES TO EAT

A fine feminine hand

John Baker White

C.S.=Closed Sundays. W.B.=Wise to book a table.

Chez Gaston, Buckingham Palace Road (almost opposite Gorrings). Luncheon. (VIC 4974.) Fully licensed. Perhaps I am prejudiced because I use this restaurant on an average twice a week, but in my opinion it has some of the best Italian cooking in London, and I know of few people more particular than Maria about the quality of the products used in her kitchen. It is also a restaurant where all the staff are pleased to see you. W.B. luncheon.

Peter Evans Eating House, 225 Brompton Road. (KEN 8578.) Open midday to midnight (11 p.m. Sundays). Fully licensed. The third of this group in London—there is also the Gay Gordon in Glasgow—and up to form. The cooking is plain and good, with special accent on steak and *scampi*, and prices most reasonable, for you can eat well for 15s. or less. Décor by David Hicks is pleasant and original, with a skilful blend of black tables and banquettes with Victoriana discovered by Mrs. Peter Evans; a little wrought iron; black and red curtains; and unusual metal window screens. W.B.

Stage here for France

White Lion Hotel, Tenterden, Kent. (Tenterden 21.) A fine old house in one of the finest streets in Kent, and well-kept, too, with an out-of-the-ordinary bar. The food matches the house, plain, well-cooked and

English. Some 35 years ago, attending sheep sales on Romney Marsh, we finished off this inn's Jubilee Port, but there is still a good wine list. A good place to stay if crossing to France from Lydd. W.B. weekends.

Wine note

For a special occasion—a birthday, wedding anniversary, or any other good excuse—choose a splendid wine from Alsace: Muscat Hugel 1959, Vendange Tardive, Reserve Exceptionnelle Selection Personnelle Jean Hugel. It will cost you 22s. to 24s. 6d. per bottle, but is worth every penny. The muscat flavour is so exquisite that I think it is at its best drunk as an aperitif. It is a reminder of how good these Alsatian wines are, moderately priced from 9s. to 15s. per bottle. Hugel's agents are C. J. F. Ashby, 79a Elizabeth Street, S.W.1. They can tell you where to get the Muscat.

... and a reminder

Café Royal, Regent Street.

(WHI 2373.) Steak Burgundy,

i.e. Steak Fondue, is now on the menu

Tolaini's, 17 Wardour Street,

Leicester Square end. C.S.

(GER 1666.) Comfortable. Italian dishes a speciality

Royal Court Hotel grill room, Sloane Square. (SLO 9191.) Open Sundays. Range of cooking wider than the word "grill" implies

Le Bébé Rascasse, 59 Cadogan Street, Chelsea. (KEN 2839.)

London-type bistro atmosphere

Jamshid's, 6 Glendower Place,

South Kensington. (KNT 2309.)

Consistent in the high quality of its curries

Au Savarin, 8 Charlotte Street.

(MUS 7134.) One of Charlotte Street's better known small

restaurants. N.B. the wines

The King's Head, 85 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. C.S. No table bookings. Good value for money for office workers or residents in the district

The Bridge, 25 Basil Street (behind Harrods). (KEN 1723.) C.S.

Remains one of the best of London's smaller restaurants

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Grecian gold

Doone Beal

I HAVE BEEN ISLAND-PROSPECTING IN GREECE, WHICH IS NOT UNLIKE prospecting for gold. My brief: reasonable accessibility and yet a certain physical remoteness; a primitive way of life but at least one good hotel. I have written before of Myconos and Hydra which, as small islands, combine these attributes, plus a certain *dolce vita* sophistication. Larger-scale resort islands such as Corfu and Rhodes now compete in the international class together with Majorca, Elba and Capri. My quest was for something new.

I do not know which is the more tantalizing; to fly over the Greek islands, russet-coloured, uncompromisingly barren, like plaster casts in an enamelled cobalt sea; or to go by boat, to see these same islands as powder-blue mirages floating on the horizon, and to put into a little white port knowing that your ticket is to carry you farther, knowing that your accommodation is booked in the next-island-but-one; and to smell, to sense, an atmosphere that lures you to disembark, right then and there, and find whatever roof over your head you may.

This course of action is at least a possibility, if an unpopular move with the hoteliers, whereas one cannot exactly change one's mind in mid-air. But flying over the islands I counted, in as many minutes, some 20 magnificent looking beaches, sickle-shaped, spade-shaped, star-shaped. Was there a road to them, or any means of communication? Were they as good as they looked? I shall never know. I am left only with my conviction that Greece has about the biggest hideaway potential in Europe, if not in the world.

So it was that, after this aerial *hors d'oeuvre*, I found myself sitting in my hotel bedroom in Athens with a pile of literature and some emphatic, if highly contradictory, advice from Greek friends about the islands. The day I finally sailed from Piraeus in the *Ellas*, bound for Paros, I crossed my fingers in hope that I had chosen the right place. The sea had a glacial calm which I was told was quite untypical for the time of year, so I took that as a lucky omen. And as we put into the harbour of Paros, I knew I had struck gold. Paros harbour is, like Myconos, one of the sights that measure up to one's mental image of the Aegean; salt-white, cube-shaped houses shrinking back from the shore with a beauty that is all light and line, their whiteness still gleaming even in the dusk. The sea was pale apricot and the low lights of the harbour matched it against a backdrop of grape-blue hillocks. After five minutes of pure chaos, returning shove for shove and elbow for elbow, I was disgorged as part of a human tidal wave on to the cobbled jetty. One of the few island taxis was mustered to take me and my immense excess of baggage the half-mile to the Xenia Hotel, perched on a low headland and separated by a charming little church from the older and more primitive Panorama Hotel below. To find good food and a comfortable, newly-decorated room with private bath was getting the best of both worlds indeed, for the atmosphere of Paros would exonerate even the most basic of accommodation.

Next day, I set off by mule for two of the sights of the island; the Convent of the Wood, unimportant artistically but with a glorious situation; and the Garden of the Butterflies, some 20 minutes' bump farther on. This garden, though less famous than the Valley of Rhodes, has surely an even more lovely location, and its joy is not only the red-gold clouds of butterflies that burst out of every tree as soon as you touch a branch of it. It has an altogether Eden-like quality with sharply sweet little gold plums to pick from the trees, still hot from the sun (though, as in that other Garden, I have no doubt that one is not supposed actually to pick them). Then there are damson trees, lemon and grapefruit trees, Mediterranean pine and a haze of olives, punctuated by brilliant clumps of geranium growing in bright ochre soil among the stony terraces. The mule ride along the track is lovely, too; on each farm, mules and bullocks tread the threshing floors as in some slow-

motion (miniature scale) chariot race, tossing the grain into golden rain above their unheeding heads. Windmills revolve in slow concentricity and if you go inside you see the flour pouring out in a warm, dry stream from between the stones.

Some of the best beaches are on the adjacent island of Anti-Paros, half an hour away by boat. You arrive at a certain church a mile or two from the main harbour of Paros and, when the church door is opened, a pale blue caique appears miraculously from the opposite shore to collect you. Either it takes you straight to the harbour—you can swim on the spot—or along the coast to a little jetty where half-a-dozen donkeys and mules wait to take visitors up to the caves on top of the mountain, caves in which Alexander the Great once sheltered.

Another good beach on the island of Paros itself is Kamini, across the bay from the port, and also reached by motor-boat. It has blonde sand, no amenities whatsoever, and no other people either. The water is crystalline. The price of this excursion to a small paradise is 30 drachmas (about 8s. 6d.). The same price applies, incidentally, for a morning's mule ride and the services of a muleteer who trots alongside on foot, making kissing noises at this reputedly most intractable animal in all creation.

Unlike Myconos, the shops in Paros are still only at the naïve, tentative stage of shell jewellery and straw hats, but the town is enchantingly pretty. It has one of the finest churches in the Aegean, Our Lady of a Hundred Gates. Some authorities place it as the work of an apprentice to the architect of Santa Sophia. There are no night clubs, but a party in a taverna can mushroom into life and music if there are enough people to make it go. As in the rest of the Cyclades, the climate is sunny, dry and windy. The season continues until mid-October, and the island is some six hours by boat from Piraeus.



PAUL MYLOFF

PAROS: beaches, gardens and churches

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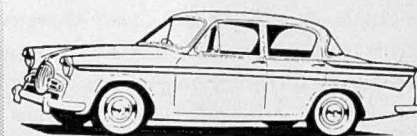


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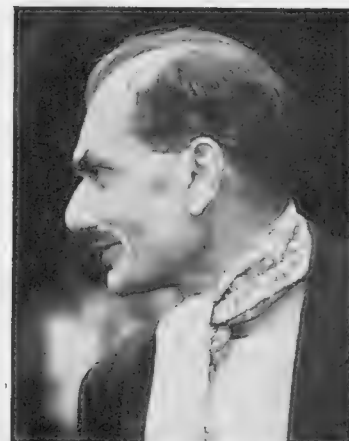
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THE TATLER 26 JULY 1961

GOLD CUP DAY AT COWDRAY



THREATENING skies failed to damp the high spirits of the home side when Lieut.-Col. Alec Harper, the Cowdray captain, his arm in a sling after an injury in the winning match, received the Gold Cup from Viscountess Cowdray. The day was enlivened by some spectacular play by Brig. M. A. "Hesky" Baig (*top*) whose efforts helped clinch a close-fought victory over the Franco-Mexican Laversine team captained by Baron Elie de Rothschild (*above*) winners of the cup for the last two years. Muriel Bowen reports the day's polo overleaf, with more pictures by Tom Hustler

Gold Cup day at Cowdray

CONTINUED



Mr. Paul Withers in action



The teams: Cowdray Park (left) and Laversine



Brigadier "Hesky" Baig scores for Cowdray

*Muriel
Bowen
reports*

Polo enthusiasts who didn't turn up at Cowdray Park for the final of the Gold Cup missed an exciting game. There was some fast and furious play the result of which is that the trophy is back in England again; appropriately too at Cowdray Park, home of the post-war game. **Lt.-Col. Alec Harper**, Cowdray's captain, deserves much of the credit. He's a fine strategist. Sadly though when it came to supping the victory champagne his arm was in a sling. An injured right arm forced him to retire halfway through the game, his position at No. 3 being taken by **Mr. John Lakin**. This was polo with plenty of fire. Dashing **Brigadier "Hesky" Baig** of Pakistan, Cowdray's No. 1, streaked down the field right from the throw-in and put the ball between the posts on two occasions, without anybody else ever getting a

stick to it. Two goals in two minutes! "Hesky" has much the same facility with words as he has with polo balls. He's one of the characters of the game, the nearest polo has ever come to producing a character with the humour of Mr. Jorrocks.

Baron Elie de Rothschild, whose Franco-Mexican team have been winners for the past two years and runners-up this year, hopes to return for another crack at the cup next year. The Baron is a great sport. Nine years ago he broke his back and spent seven months in plaster. "Each time I suggested to my doctor that he should take it off he said: 'No I won't, because, you silly man, you'd only go and play polo again!'" Following the Gold Cup the Baron's cousin, **Mr. E. de Rothschild** (since last year he's bought an old mill at Lodsworth which he's turned into a beautiful

Miss Caroline Gilbert & Mr. Stephen Minoprio



Mrs. J. Wyndham & Lord Patrick Beresford The Countess of Brecknock treads in divots

The Maharajah of Cooch Behar & the Maharanee of Jaipur



Mrs. T. A. Metcalfe, the Begum Yousuf & daughter Viscount Cowdray watched from his private enclosure

and luxurious country house) led the Centaurs to success in the Midhurst Town Cup.

A cold day, but the Maharanee of Jaipur wasn't one to freeze. With so much galloping about to do the ponies didn't need their rugs and the Maharanee got hold of a crested one belonging to a Rothschild pony and wrapped herself up in it. Others watching the polo that day were: Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Lt.-Gen. Mohammad Yousuf, Pakistan High Commissioner, & the Begum Yousuf, Mrs. Philip Crosland on her annual visit from India, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Dollar, and the Hon. Mrs. Lakin—she and her husband have now moved from Warwickshire to Sussex; still more were: Lt. Col. Sir Rupert Dering, Bt., & Lady Dering and their daughter Susan, Major & Mrs. T. A. Metcalfe, Miss Patricia

Rawlings, the Earl & Countess of Brecknock, Mr. & Mrs. Mike Holden White, and Lady Todd.

BATTLE OF THE CHANNEL

Ocean yachtsmen are a hardy breed and at the cocktail party given by the Royal Ocean Racing Club (pictures overleaf) prior to the Cowes-Dinard Race there wasn't much sign of pre-race nerves. Strong westerly winds were forecast, but that sounded nothing worse than they had often coped with successfully before. Less than 24 hours later, though, the 80 yachts which set out on the race were being battered by gale-force winds. One man was lost, boats were dismasted, sails were torn to shreds.

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Mr. A. H. Paul, secretary of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, with Dr. & Mrs. L. H. Crosskey



Mrs. E. F. Parker, wife of the rear commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, & Captain Laval



Above right: Mr. Angus Primrose, a competitor

Captain & Mrs. Eveleigh.

Below: Brig. E. F. Parker & Mons. William Martin



The French sloop Esquirol II, sailed by Mons. R. Malet at the start of the Class II race

Cowes - Dinard

Gale-force winds and battering seas forced all but 14 of the 80 starters to abandon the Royal Ocean Racing Club's annual Cowes-Dinard event. Many put back into the Solent; some, committed to crossing, found refuge in Cherbourg

Heavy seas breaking over Mr. V. Powell's yacht Galloper



Maze, the R.A.F.Y.C yacht owned by Dr. R. Binning & Mr. G. C. Paterson, makes for the starting line

PHOTOGRAPHS:
DESMOND
O'NEILL

Below: Mr. D. E. P. Norton's Sloop Matambu sailing round the starting line. In the background the Royal Yacht Squadron



Mr. Mike Henderson designed his own catamaran to follow the race. Below: Mr. E. Ellsworth-Jones at the helm of his yacht Pundit



Muriel Bowen

CONTINUED

Mr. E. Ellsworth Jones, Commodore of the Royal London, told me that the damaged boats struggled home as best they could. He himself was forced to give up when his new boat *Pundit* broke a halyard. First to finish the 180 mile race was *Assegai* sailed by her owner, Mr. W. M. Vernon, Vice-Commodore of the R.O.R.C., and next to him was *Quiver III*, a new yacht this season, sailed by Mr. S. H. R. Clarke. Proportionately more of the smaller boats finished than their bigger sisters. *Pellegrina*, a smart varnished sloop, took the Yeoman Bowl—for yachts of 19 ft. to 24 ft.—for Mr. J. M. Tomlinson.

The Club's own yacht the well-known *Griffin II*, skippered on this occasion by Capt. J. O. Coote, R.N., was one of the two big yachts to finish. She won the King Edward VII trophy. Others out on this marathon struggle through the English Channel were: The Hon. Robert Boscawen, who finished in *Silvio*, Mr. K. Adlard Coles, Brig. E. F. Parker (Rear Comdre. of the R.O.R.C.) and Mr. Angus Primrose who was in *Alcina*, the yacht he helped to design. At hospitable Dinard I'm told quite the warmest touch was supplied by the members of the Yacht Club de Dinard, who helped the 14 finishers ashore from their boats. The greeting to each was much the same: "This is Dinard—your dinner and champagne are ready, Sir."

NIGHT OUT FOR LAWYERS

Lawyers who are also politicians are usually good talkers. This could certainly be said of the annual dinner of the Society of Labour Lawyers at the Waldorf Hotel. Most of the Assizes produced a good story or two. Best story of all came from a solicitor's daughter, Lady Megan Lloyd-George, M.P., about Mr. Justice Lush. It was a hard day in court, he took the greatest care in his summing up, but the Welsh jury ignored it and the prisoner was acquitted. That evening as he drove through Anglesey he came on a hunt in full cry. " 'Poor fellow,' he said as he watched the hard-pushed fox in front," recalled Lady Megan. " 'Nothing but a Welsh jury can save him now.' " Much good-humoured banter prevailed. Mr. Stanley Waldman would like the sports columnist's approach to law reporting—"Gardiner retains position at the top of the table, Lawson struggled in second place." There were quips over the differences of opinion in the Labour Party and the story of the M.P. who wired the Parliamentary candidate: "Delighted to come and speak for or against—whichever is likely to help you most." All of this was much encouraged by the chairman, Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., there with Mrs. Foot, who added his own amusing touches to the evening.

A big gathering, among them: Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., & Mrs. Gardiner, Miss Jean Graham Hall, Mr. & Mrs. Raphael Tuck, Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Martin, and Mr. & Mrs. Niall MacDermott. Prince Stephen of Toro, who was there as guest of Mr. & Mrs. Foot, told

me that he was returning to Uganda for the first time in five years; he's been up at Cambridge. "I'm one of a family of 10," he told me. "There are at least three I haven't seen, as they arrived since I was last home."

... AND FOR MAYORS

Metropolitan mayors past and present had an evening out at the Mansion House. It was the annual social event of their Association and ran over the same course as last year—lots of flower-decked buffets, savouries, red and white wine followed by dancing. Lady Petrie, Mr. & Mrs. Desmond Plummer, Group Capt. & Mrs. Gordon Pirie, Sir Harold & Lady Gillett, Mr. & Mrs. Bob Everest, and Mrs. L. A. Arabin discussed *their* year and mostly got fuzzed up in the details. Mayors are extraordinarily busy; people with weak hearts, ulcers, or prone to eating too many business luncheons seldom make successful ones. Mrs. Harold Shearman, wife of the chairman of the London County Council, said how glad she was that they had gone to Tangier for a holiday in January. "We won't get away again this year now that my husband is chairman of the L.C.C." In the Egyptian Hall the gold plate glittered against its cushioned background of royal blue velvet. The band was playing a slightly Elvis-type version of *When I Grow too Old to Dream*. Mr. David Cobbold talked about car parking armed with as many facts and figures as the conductor has notes to his score. Mr. Cobbold is chairman of Westminster's car parking committee and the way Westminster has tackled car parking is the success story of the past year in London local government.

THREE DANCING DAUGHTERS

Down at Leith Hill Place, Surrey, a goodly proportion of this year's debutantes and their friends gathered at the ball given by Lady Wedgwood, Lady Barbara Hurst, and Lady Hawke for their daughter, Miss Olivia Wedgwood, Miss Cecilia Hurst, and the Hon. Cecilia Hawke. (Pictures opposite). Lady Killearn and her daughter, the Hon. Jaquetta Lampson were there, also Miss Christine Sekers, Miss Emma Nicholson, Mr. Barry McFadzean, and Mr. Adam & the Hon. Mrs. Ridley. Where three girls share a dance their fathers often have a bit of a thin time—it takes three mothers and three girls quite a slice of the evening to do the handshaking. But these particular fathers were not at a loss. Sir John Wedgwood found plenty of listeners for a deep discussion on the Common Market. Col. R. L. Hurst warned the young about sitting on the garden seats. "They look jolly wet." Lord Hawke danced with the pretty girls and talked about shoes. "My daughters are always wanting new evening shoes, I've had the same ones for 30 years," he said. But then Lord Hawke is luckier than most men. He's got seven daughters.

Mr. Christopher Powell-Brett &
Miss Penny Ridsdale



Miss Mary Stuart & Mr. Paul Dwyer



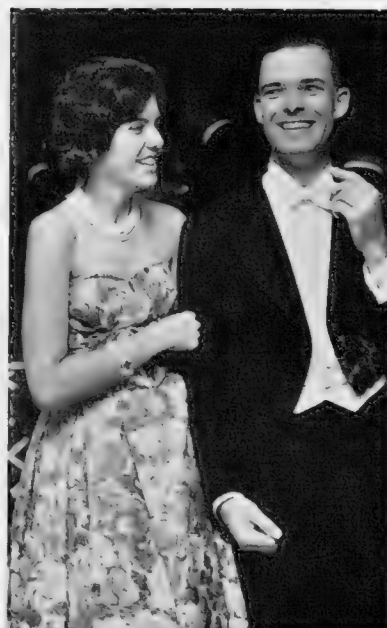
Miss Cecilia Hurst, the Hon. Cecilia Hawke & Miss Olivia Wedgwood



The Marchioness of Northampton
& Mr. Peter de Chair

DANCE FOR THREE DEBS

Lady Wedgwood, Lady Barbara Hurst & Lady Hawke were the three hostesses at a coming-out dance for their daughters. Setting was Leith Hill Place, Surrey home of Sir John & Lady Wedgwood



Miss Virginia Lathbury & Mr. Ian Scott

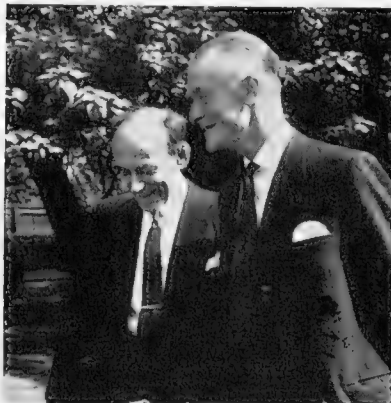


Mr. Giles Dereham, Miss Tania Heald & Miss Penelope Walker



The Rev. C. K. Hughes

Mr. A. L. P. Norrington, vice-president of the Society, with Lord Kilmaine, the chairman



GARDEN

Members of the Oxford Society, formed in 1932 as a link between town and gown, met their opposite numbers in the grounds of Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury



Sir Adrian Boult, the Archbishop of Canterbury & Mrs. Ramsey



Mr. & Mrs. J. Gordon-Clark & Lady Kilmaine



The Rev. & Mrs. R. S. Mundy



PARTIES

The Royal India, Pakistan & Ceylon Society, for the promotion of art and letters, held their reception at 20 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, lent by the Earl of Inchcape for the occasion



Mr. Robert Dutch, chairman of the Society, with the Earl of Inchcape

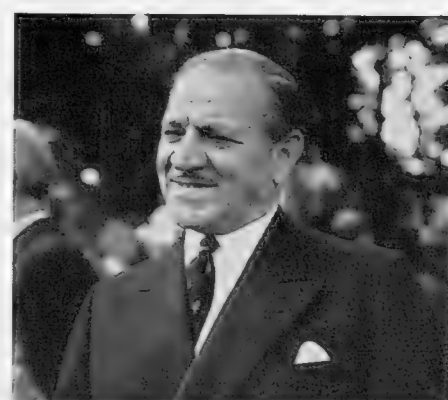
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
V. SWAEBE



Miss Caroline Hibbert



Sir Mortimer Wheeler



Lt.-Gen. M. Yousuf, High Commissioner for Pakistan



Sir Henry & Lady Birkmyre, with (centre) Mrs. E. C. Ormond who organized the reception



The Begum Mirza



Librettist W. H. Auden & composer Henze worked on the opera to the last moment

EXPERIMENT IN OPERA

The opera's triumvirate, W. H. Auden, Hans Werner Henze & Chester Kallman



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTI DEUTSCH
TEXT BY NICOLETTE HOPKINSON

Right: General manager Moran Caplat and conductor John Pritchard.
Below: Elizabeth Söderström, who sings one of the young lovers



THE first night of *Elegy for Young Lovers* at Glyndebourne represented an experimental departure for the Sussex opera house. With music by the German composer Hans Werner Henze, and libretto by poet E. E. Cummings and American writer Chester Kallman, it is the first unequivocally contemporary opera to be mounted there. Though operas by Britten and Stravinsky have been seen at Glyndebourne, neither made the sort of onslaught on the conventional aspects of the lyric theatre that is typical of Henze, whose work has overtones of Schoenberg, Kurt Weill and cool jazz.

Elegy was written in more than usually close collaboration between composer and librettists. Though Henze says he wrote no music until the completed text was before him, the international triumvirate met at Auden's house in Lower Austria and spent some time discussing the opera, its theme and form. When some cuts were suggested after the German première in May, they met again at Glyndebourne to supervise the alterations and the first performance in the original English text. The central figure of Henze's opera is a poet-genius of the 19th-century Romantic school. The story tells of his effect on other members of the household while he is composing a climactic poem.

The success of this experiment—the opera received a warm reception—indicates that in future seasons modern opera will be heard regularly at Glyndebourne as musical director Dr. Gunther Rennert promised.



Three leading ladies at lunch; Dorothy Dorow, Elizabeth Söderström & Kerstin Meyer. Left: John Christie, Glyndebourne's founder

The Coaching Set

Among the modern machinery of agricultural shows, the sedate anachronism of a coaching marathon spins back the clock a century or so. Coaches involved are the prized heirlooms of private owners, clubs and regiments (see catalogue). You'll find them at the big race meetings, at Lord's, or sometimes spanking along a quiet lane at dusk on undisclosed errands. Marathon is a misnomer, it isn't really a race so no bets are placed. Emphasis is on driving skill, the condition of the horses and turn-out of equipment which means the sort of preparation that begins (above) with backing out the coaches . . .



. . . oiling the hooves . . . and checking harness links . . . supervised by Mr. Tom Parker, of Farcham, Hants



A grey is led out . . . and a wheeler backed in . . . finally Mr. Tom Parker puts on his driving apron . . .



. . . while the Sporting Times guard scrambles up . . . and the Beaufort moves off with Mr. G. Mossman at the reins



Wheels of the Wonder road coach which used to serve Kent

A police escort seems incongruous

COACH OWNERS CATALOGUED

*Sir Dymoke White, Bt., Southleigh Park,
Hants, President of the Coaching Club*

Mr. Sanders Watney, Mortlake

Mr. S. W. Gilbey, Regent's Park

Mr. Tom Parker, Fareham, Hants

Mr. G. C. H. Matthey, Goring-on-Thames

Mr. George Mossman, Luton, Beds

*Mr. Douglas Nicholson, Chester-le-Street,
Co. Durham*

Mr. L. C. Lamerton, Clewer, Berks

Mr. W. Munt, Enfield

Household Cavalry, Knightsbridge

Royal Artillery, Camberley

Royal Army Service Corps, Aldershot





It's a long way from the Left Bank and the local inns don't keep bistro hours, but so many artists have moved their homes and studios to the neighbourhood that this Cornish fishing town can fairly be called

Denis Mitchell, 48, seated (below) outside his studio, is a senior member of the artist's colony (he came to St. Ives in 1930) and one of its best-known personalities. Mitchell worked for several years in association with Barbara Hepworth and has exhibited his own sculptures widely. His most recent show was at the Waddington Gallery in London

Terry Frost (right), at the window of his studio, first came to St. Ives in 1946 and now lives there permanently with his wife and six children. He first became interested in painting while a prisoner of war and his work now figures in several major collections. He has exhibited in New York and the Waddington Gallery; is currently planning a new show for Paris soon



Le quartier ST. IVES



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY IDA KAR

Peter Lanyon (right) with his daughter Anne-Marie—one of six children—is the best-known painter in St. Ives and his work is in art collections all over the world. Among recent work is a mural for Liverpool University and he has a new show in Zurich soon. The Lanyon home (above) is a low-lying split-level building which the painter converted from a garage





Barbara Hepworth is easily the district's most famous resident and some of her best-known work has been produced in Cornwall. Example shown is called *Curved Form (Trevalgan)*. John Milne (below) is a painter as well as a sculptor; the piece he embraces is called appropriately *The Kiss*. At 30 Milne has exhibited in many countries and carried out several specially commissioned works. He runs a guest house in St. Ives during the summer—"to keep myself working here for the rest of the year"





Michael Heard (left) set up his studio in St. Ives three years ago. He graduated to painting by way of the Army, resigning his commission to study for two years at the Central School of Arts. At 31 he has exhibited in Plymouth, Bath & Paris. One of the most active of the younger set of St. Ives artists, he takes a large part in exhibitions locally and in nearby Newlyn

Bryan Wynter, 46, has a studio high on a hill opposite the home of his friend Patrick Heron. He lives and works there with his wife Monica (right) & their baby son. Winter was in hospital when the picture was taken. One of the middle generation of the Cornish School, he has associations with the Waddington Gallery in London and has a show coming up in Zürich soon

Le quartier ST. IVES *continued*

Anthony Shiels (right), with his wife & children, moved to St. Ives in 1959 after studies in London, France & Spain. He runs the Steps Gallery in the town, has exhibited widely in London and the provinces. Patrick Heron (below) with his family in the grounds of their home Eagle's Nest, remembers St. Ives from boyhood, finally decided to settle there. His work is permanently on view at Waddingtons. He has recently exhibited in New York and is currently preparing an exhibition for Zürich





Alan Lowndes (above) with fisherman Bill Ninnis was born in Stockport in 1921 and spent most of his working life there, moving to St. Ives six years ago. Largely self-taught he has had successes at many exhibitions in London and the provinces. Australian potter (below) who prefers to call himself just Buster is a St. Ives visitor currently working in Devon with David Leach



LORD KILBRACKEN

The road to Rugby

I ESCAPED FROM LONDON WITH MY BROTHER AND HIS WIFE on a weekend outing to Warwickshire: first, Stratford-on-Avon to see *As You Like It*, then Coventry to see the cathedral, then Rugby to see Christopher. There was much consultation of maps and A.A. guides over 10 o'clock coffee in Tregunter Road before we left.

"If we take the M1, it's 14 miles farther, but might be quicker in the end," said Wynne.

"On the other hand, we might not arrive at all," said Kitty.

"We'll be returning tomorrow by M1 from Rugby anyway," said I. "So let's take the shortest route via Banbury and Bicester; we can make Coventry by evening."

Thus it was decided; and three hours later, having had fairly bad luck with traffic lights and recalcitrant lorries in the neighbourhood of Golders Green and Watford, we had covered the 91 door-to-door miles between Chelsea and the Avon, and were pulling in to the Swan's Nest, a pub beside the river, with an easy hour for lunch before the curtain rose.

It was the first time I'd ever been in Stratford. The Swan's Nest—chosen at random—had all we could have expected. First, admirable pints of bitter. Then, the Stratfordian lady who told us *with real pride* that she had only been twice to the Shakespeare theatre in 22 years: once to see a Christmas pantomime, once to see her daughter perform in an amateur production of *The Quaker Girl*. And then an appropriately Olde English lunch of roast saddle of lamb with mint sauce, new potatoes and green peas, followed by steamed pudding. Fortified, we headed for the Forest of Arden, just across the river.

The theatre was packed with a young, lively, polyglot and enthusiastic audience; we had obtained the only three seats left for any Saturday performance, *matinée* or evening, till the end of October. The building, I thought, was ugly, so red and austere and functional, but it's a different matter inside: a fine auditorium, excellent acoustics and comfortable seats. We settled back into them, the curtain went up, and here was Orlando bewailing his lot to Adam.

It was, I thought, an entirely adequate performance without ever seeming likely to be distinguished, though it had its moving moments. I was, I'm afraid, rather disappointed in Vanessa Redgrave, whose performance as Rosalind had been so ecstatically received—perhaps this

was *why* I was disappointed—and also it beats me why so many Shakespearian actors still have to speak their lines in what I call an S.S.V. (standing for Special Shakespeare Voice) with unreal mannered gestures, as they would in no play by any other dramatist. I thought that Orlando (Ian Bannen) was the worst offender here.

My favourite performances were given by Patsy Byrne as Audrey (I'd love to know what she's like off stage!), Max Adrian as Jaques (though he had suddenly to assume his S.S.V. when giving us *The Seven Ages*), and Colin Blakely as Touchstone, in that order. I liked the mounded stage, which meant we never had to crane, but *didn't* like the great grotesque tree—the greenwood tree, presumably—permanently implanted in its centre.

Afterwards, we wanted (of course) some tea. It's a curious fact that this seemed virtually impossible to obtain after a *matinée*, anywhere in Stratford. There are perhaps a dozen tables in the delightful River-Terrace Restaurant at the theatre itself, but you have to book long in advance, and we had no hope of getting in there. We then tried no fewer than six hotels, cafés and restaurants, which were exceedingly attractive but couldn't provide tea, before we chanced, at our last gasp, on the Anne Hathaway Tea Rooms.

Here we got everything we wanted, such as hot buttered scones, and home-made bread, and strawberry jam, and cakes. Scrumptious! I suppose this strange tea-lessness in Stratford is preferable, all the same, to the rabid tourist exploitation, with souvenir shops, touting guides, and chromium milk-bars with juke-boxes, which we had quite expected and which don't exist at all.

So we motored full of scones to Coventry, our principal objective being Epstein's St. Michael, for which my brother, his son-in-law, was the model. It was not without difficulty that we located him, since the marvellous new cathedral is still ramparted with hoardings, and it is rather difficult, besides, to guess straight away which is its back and which its front, and there are no directions whatever, and we took several wrong turnings. Eventually, however, we found what we were seeking, and it looked, as we had hoped, exactly like Wynne with wings.

On through the evening for the 12 miles to Rugby, arriving at twilight in time for mixed grills (jolly good) at the Grand Hotel, and then beds at the Crescent, where—so strong is the influence of the school which completely surrounds it—we felt as though we ourselves were back at school again. (No hot water for baths, and someone came round banging on every door at 8 a.m.—just banging and nothing else—whether one had asked to be called or not.) We survived, however.

Christopher came round after chapel next morning, and we spent the kind of day one *always* spends when taking out one's son: the stroll round the Close, the lunch at the Grand (roast chicken and apple pie), the visit to the workshops to see Christopher's work-in-progress, to Kilbracken House for a Serious Talk with Mr. Inge about the Future, to the Speech Room to see grandpapa's portrait there, to the chapel, to the library, and then to tea with the art master, Mr. Talbot-Kelly, and his wife and daughter, because Mrs. T.-K. had been a special friend of Wynne's when *he* was at Kilbracken.

Farewells, and then off along M1 on the journey home. ("It *would* have been quicker if we'd come this way." "Well, only 20 minutes or so." "And we *did* see more of the country.") And soon the suburbs embraced us with their red-brick tentacles, and old octopus-London enveloped us again.



ENDURERS v ENCHANTERS

1st CHUKKA

Scores

Presenting seven pages of clothes for Polo-watchers. The rival teams are named above but note that points are scored whichever side you back. DAVID OLINS photographed the clothes at Brewhurst Mill, Sussex; Douglas Riley-Smith stables the ponies for his own Brewhurst team there (they play at Cowdray) and also breeds racehorses

Because it's bred for stamina as well as good looks. This off-white proofed poplin suit has a lined skirt and a belted three-quarterlength coat. It is worn with an Italian chestnut-brown knitted silk polo shirt. All at Fortnum & Mason, the suit 17½ gns., the shirt 14½ gns. Coach-hide "Tote" bag comes from Finnigans, Bond Street, 10 gns. In the background: Polo pony California—one of the Brewhurst string—headed for exercise



ENDURERS v ENCHANTERS

2nd CHUKKA

Scores

Because it's comfortable, creaseless and good to look at. The wool jersey and raffia suit in the delicious colour of clotted cream is lined throughout. Imported from Italy by Dobett, it is available at the Continental Boutique, Brompton Road; The Mayfair, Colwyn Bay; Tweedy Acheson, Coleraine, Northern Ireland. 14½ gns. Brown leather Cuban heeled shoes from Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street, 5½ gns.

Scores

Because it's as adaptable as a good polo pony. The sleeveless beige tweed dress is buttoned down the back, and is covered at colder moments by its own straight jacket. Made by Jaeger (also in other colours), it is available only at their Regent Street branch. 28½ gns. Background: Polo pony Oro is exercised by Mr. Riley-Smith's head groom in the practice field which is situated near to the stables







ENDURERS v ENCHANTERS

3rd CHUKKA

Scores

Because it's lively as a yearling. In yellow linen, V-necked, sleeveless and loosely waisted, it comes from Bazaar, Knightsbridge and King's Road. Price 17½ gns. Flat-heeled brown leather shoes with strapped vamp and horseshoe buckle from Charles Jourdan, 4½ gns. Brew hurst water mill, one of the oldest still in constant use, daily grinds flour

Scores

Because it'll look just as fresh at the end of the day. Three-piece suit in featherweight turquoise mohair edged with white. The high-necked blouse made of the same material is plain white, with short sleeves. Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, at 30 gns. Photographed with brood mare Goldie and her five-week foal which was sired by the racehorse Umberto

ENDURERS v ENCHANTERS

4th CHUKKA

Scores

Because it sparkles like a speedy chukka. Dacron and cotton button-through shirtwaister uncrushable and quick drying. In cream with fine turquoise stripes on the bodice. Worn here with Ascher's turquoise chiffon scarf-hood, it is also available in other coloured stripes, Simpson's, Piccadilly, £8 18s. 6d. The old well, which is now no longer in use provides a picturesque setting to the stable entrance

Scores

Because it's relaxed as a country week-end. Box-pleated skirt in black and white houndstooth (also in plain colours), £8 18s. 6d. White cotton-satin shirt made in Italy for Simpson's, £5 10s. Scalloped black calf belt £2 15s. Sky blue cape leather jacket with side vents (also in other colours) £22. All at Simpson's, Piccadilly. Background: This yearling will go into training with Sir Gordon Richards in the autumn



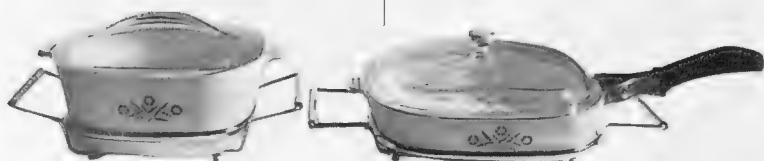




Multi-purpose copper pan will fry, casserole, roast, bake and braise. Called the Duchess it is mainly for use on the stove (gas or electricity) and with the mahogany handle unscrewed can also feature as ovenware. Nickel-lined, transparent glass lid. 79s. 6d. at Derry & Toms, W.8



Many functions, one action; Swedish electric jug for boiling milk, water, soup or eggs. Thermostatically controlled. 2½ pint capacity, drip-proof pouring lip, chrome outside, lined with aluminium. Heat-resistant base. By Helimatic. £4 12s. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1 and Tibbens, Bournemouth & Southampton

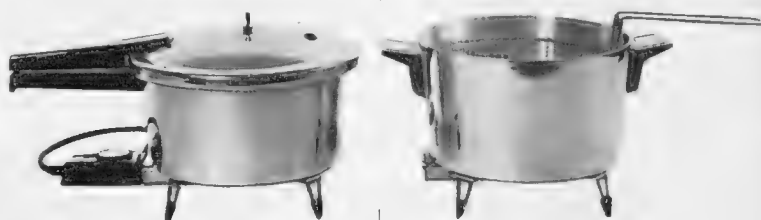


Extremes of temperature don't affect this Pyrosil ovenware which can move straight from flame to fridge. Made in America by the Corning Glass Works from the covering used on space-rocket nose cones. With important clip-on handle the deep casserole becomes a saucepan, shallow one a frying pan. Also percolators. White with blue pattern. With stand and handle, shallow casserole, from £2 15s.; deep one £2 14s. 3d. & £3 8s. 9d. at Harrods



KITCHEN QUICK CHANGES

Protean cooking with two new electrical gadgets from Presto at Staines Kitchen Equipment, Victoria Street. Pressure cooker (left) £8 10s.; Deep-fryer £7 13s. 6d. Both can be completely immersed in water, and have non-scratching nylon legs. Thermostatic switch (£2 6s. 6d.), marked to time vegetables, joints, fits either appliance



Versatile brainchild from Kenwood; a portable hand-beater and liquidizer in dual-tone grey called the Chefette. Left: hanging on the wall, beaters either side of the liquidizer (½ pint capacity) which can be used in this position. Below left: hand beater alone: clicks in and out at button touch. Below: the beater up-ended with liquidizer clicked into place. Fingertip control for three speeds. £11 0s. 6d. from main stores and electricity boards



BECKET DOUBLED. Above: Eric Porter & Christopher Plummer as the Archbishop & the King in the Aldwych production of *Becket*, compared (right) with Laurence Olivier & Anthony Quinn in the same roles when the play was staged at the St. James Theatre, New York



FRIEDMAN ABELES

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Becket. Royal Shakespeare Company Aldwych Theatre. (Eric Porter, Christopher Plummer, Patrick Wymark, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.)

I. Anouilh writes a masterpiece

JEAN ANOUILH IS FAR AND AWAY THE CLEVEREST PLAYWRIGHT IN the world. Not only do ideas pour continuously into his mind but he knows how to juxtapose them for the stage so that each fresh combination sparkles, diamond-like, with wit. His superb sense of the theatre is sometimes used merely to entertain. Occasionally it suits his mood to demonstrate how many amusing ways there are of being serious.

Becket is not less serious than his famous *Antigone* that meant one thing to the Germans and another to the French in occupied Paris, but it is much more amusing. His fanciful reconstruction of the relations between Henry Plantagenet and the boon companion whom, capriciously, he first made Chancellor and then Archbishop, is a piece of story-telling comparable in its masterful ingenuity with, say, Mr. Maugham's *Wines & Ale*, but the play is infinitely richer in substance than the novel.

It is the history of the tragic misunderstanding between two utterly dissimilar minds. The coarse and brutal young king is an unlicked cub whose chief interests are hunting, hawking and wenching. He has every excuse in the circumstances of the time for trusting nobody but Becket, the accomplished man of the world who is always at hand with advice and help and who is always ready to be the perfect playmate. His love for Becket is the deepest thing in him. He cannot be expected to understand that the older man, whose quick sensibility and wide-ranging generosity often mitigate the human damage threatened by reckless youthful excesses, is at heart guided by a simple undeviating sense of duty. He has been teaching the unstable youth his kingly trade. Frivolously made Chancellor of the realm his allegiance to the king becomes absolute. The growing power of the church meets with formidable opposition from the new Chancellor. Henry, in an unlucky moment, has a brilliant idea. Why not make his trusted friend head of the Church? It is a fatal mistake which Becket instantly recognizes, for his devotion has been given not to a man but to a

VERDICTS

king, and to become Archbishop is to become the king's implacable enemy.

What is moving in the ensuing tragedy is not the death of Becket, but the terrible loneliness of a half-savage boy faced with the fact that his trusted playmate has shifted his allegiance from king to God, which is something he cannot understand, much less endure. His emotional mind is wholly unable to comprehend the cold, almost impersonal quality of Becket's espousal of the cause of the Church for which he has become responsible. Henry seeks relief from his loneliness in brutal behaviour to his mother, his wife and his children, but his easy rages cannot stifle the heartbreak that compels our sympathies, though they prompt the wild, drunken words which lead to the murder in the cathedral.

M. Anouilh traces the course of this self-destructive relationship in a series of narrative scenes so shrewdly selected that it is never possible for us to feel that we are one step ahead of the narrator. He has always contrived to carry us forward unexpectedly. If there is a digression it pays for itself in brilliant comedy—the Norman knights illustrating their total lack of intellectual curiosity, for instance, or the Pope and his advisory cardinal planning subtleties of double-talk deception till they turn giddy from sophistry and begin to suspect each other's motives. This play of many, and splendid, merits suffers from only one weakness. M. Anouilh confessedly got the impression from a misreading of the authorities that Becket was of Saxon origin. The historical mistake would be of no importance did not M. Anouilh make so much of the theme of Saxon resentment of the Norman conqueror for the sake of drawing a parallel between England and France under their occupation. These parallelisms are the nearest that the dialogue at any time comes to dullness, and it is for their sake that Becket dies with words on his lips that suggest he is a Saxon partisan before he is an Archbishop or a saint in the making. It is an unfortunate anti-climax, for it blurs the outlines of Becket's own character and strikes at our conception of the fundamental conflict between him and Henry. For a vital moment we share the king's bewilderment, for we wonder what exactly have been the Archbishop's motives.

Mr. Peter Hall's direction of the play could hardly be bettered and the Stratford-on-Avon company at the Aldwych, impressively led by Mr. Christopher Plummer as Henry and Mr. Eric Porter as Becket, are fully responsive to all the fine shades that distinguish an authentic work of theatrical art.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Tension amid the saucepans

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE SCENES at the sort of restaurant that daily copes with a couple of thousand customers in the rush hours, you cannot do better than see **The Kitchen**, the screen version of Mr. Arnold Wesker's first play. You may find the young author's philosophizings—on "all the world's a kitchen" lines—a trifle immature, but the accuracy with which he has observed his microcosm is faultless.

The day begins quietly enough, with the polyglot kitchen staff arriving one by one. They chatter and joke and squabble good-humouredly as they settle down to their jobs. The restaurateur (Mr. Eric Pohlmann) pads through the kitchen, eyeing them warily. The vegetable woman bangs about amiably, the butcher (Mr. Martin Boddey) swigs his bottled beer—the stoves are lit, the food prepared for cooking. Waitresses drop in to exchange a friendly word. All goes smoothly, everybody is moderately relaxed.

Then the temperature begins to rise and tension increases rapidly. Cauldrons bubble and tempers boil up—the battle is about to commence. Suddenly pandemonium breaks loose as hordes of waitresses invade the kitchen, screaming their orders over the clatter of pots and pans and plates and trays and the yelled insults of the sweating kitchen staff, who work like fiends and seem about to explode with heat and rage.

This glorious outburst of frenzied activity is what makes the film worth seeing. I must confess I could whip up very little interest in the rather naïvely stated problems of the individual characters—but the superb teamwork of the entire cast in the splendidly mounting crescendo of the rush hour left me breathless with admiration.

The Polish film, **Eroica**, the first directed by Mr. Andrzej Munk to be shown in this country, is in fact two films—both concerned with the Warsaw Rising of 1944, an event previously dealt with by that other fine Polish director, Mr. Andrzej Wajda. Whereas Mr. Wajda approached the subject in an ardent spirit of patriotic fervour, Mr. Munk seems to stand back from it—to take a more dispassionate, even a slightly sardonic, view—and the stories he tells have a distinct edge of irony.

In "Scherzo alla Polacca," a rich Warsaw spiv (Mr. Edward Dziewonski) returns to his country house after a brief spell as a Resistance volunteer—and finds his wife disporting herself with a Hungarian officer. The interloper tells him that the Hungarian army, though currently supporting the Germans, will supply the Poles with tanks and guns—on condition that when the Russians reach Warsaw they will accept Hungary as an ally, not an enemy.

The spiv, in an unguarded moment, undertakes to try to negotiate this deal. He is no patriot—but, through his crazy adventures as he shuttles (half the time uproariously drunk) back and forth across the German lines, he does become a hero, in spite of himself.

The second story "Ostinato Lugubre," is set in a German P.O.W. camp for Polish officers from which, it appears, only one, a Lieut. Zawistowski, has ever escaped. The prisoners bicker and bore one another—literally to death in one instance—and only the legend of Zawistowski sustains such morale as they have. For this reason it is scrupulously preserved by the two officers who know it to be false.

Zawistowski, in fact, has never left the camp: knowing that the Gestapo were after him, he simply went into hiding in the loft over "the ablutions" and there he has been kept alive by the two silent friends. When the wretched man commits suicide, it looks as if the secret must be told—but one of the friends prevails upon the camp commandant to keep it, for his own sake.

The Kitchen. Director James Hill. (Carl Mohner, Mary Yeomans, Eric Pohlmann, Tom Bell.)

Eroica. Director Andrzej Munk. (Barbara Polomska, Ignacy Machowski.)

La Récreation. Director François Moreuil. (Jean Seberg, Christian Marquand, Françoise Prévost.)

A Taste Of Love. Director Jean Valère. (Maurice Ronet, Micheline Presle, Jean Seberg.)

It would never do for the Nazis to admit that Zawistowski had made fools of them, that he had lain hidden under their very noses for so long; solemnly they smuggle his body out of the camp in an old boiler taken from the wash-house—and in saving their own faces, they perpetuate the legend of the one brave man who got away. This wry and witty film is a genuine collector's piece.

The French have an acknowledged talent for cooking-up something delicious out of next to nothing—that *divine* soup made of a cabbage-leaf, you know—but it seems to me they are less successful in the cinema than in the cuisine. I am beginning to find Miss Jean Seberg—whom they are these days serving up unsalted, in a Sagan-type sauce—a trifle insipid: as a regular diet, she tends to pall.

In two new concoctions in which she figures—**La Récreation** and **A Taste Of Love**—she looks exactly as she did in *Breathless*, cool, clear-eyed and uncomprehending; it is hard to believe her feelings are more than skin-deep—which is a pity since we are called upon to sympathize with her as a young girl suffering at the hands of her elders.

In the former film she plays an American schoolgirl in Paris—and the man who madly attracts her is M. Christian Marquand. She knows him to be a hit-&-run motorist who has killed a poor pedestrian, and she also knows he has a mistress—but it is only after she has allowed him to seduce her that she realizes, painfully, that he is not exactly a highly desirable type.

The second film has Miss Seberg falling into the clutches of three gifted Parisian sadists, Mmes. Micheline Presle and Françoise Prévost and M. Maurice Ronet, their shared lover—for whom Miss Seberg conceives an absolute passion. Idly he seduces her—and returns to his mistresses, leaving her heartbroken but still madly in love with him. Out of the blue, Miss Seberg's American fiancé appears to take her home to Nebraska. His problem will be that old one—"How're you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen Paris?"



GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Louis & The Dukes, by Louis Armstrong.
Presenting Joyce Grenfell.

A Beaulieu preview

I ADMIRE LORD MONTAGU'S DECISION TO GO AHEAD AND HAVE ANOTHER jazz festival. Last year he (and I, incidentally) were engulfed in the fashionable mire of riots, which beset more than one international gathering of the jazz fraternity and gave an entirely wrong impression of the behaviour of the majority of jazz fans, who like to enjoy their music in a refreshing open-air atmosphere. The fact that elaborate precautions have been taken to prevent the wrong element from getting into the Beaulieu grounds this year—no tickets can be bought at the gate—inferes that the festival will be run on a highly organized basis.

The plan this year is to have two afternoon and two evening concerts, on Saturday and Sunday (26th and 27th) at which a variety of artists



will appear. The most important is the top American guest, Anita O'Day, who is due to appear on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon. Perhaps it is a pity that the modern and traditional factions have been segregated, with the afternoon session on the Saturday devoted to Chris Barber and Jimmy Cotton, a Chicago blues singer of some repute. That evening the bill of fare is Johnny Dankworth with both Anita O'Day and Hans Koller, an impressive tenor saxophonist from Germany; Joe Harriott, one of our top alto players, with his own group; Bobby Hayes, whose praises I sang only a few weeks ago; and the Stanbeat Big Band. On Sunday afternoon, Dankworth reappears with Anita O'Day and Koller, and the other modern groups billed are the Klein sextet and the Ganley/Christie Jazzmakers. Sunday night is devoted to the trad fans, with offerings from Kenny Ball, Dick Charlesworth, Terry Lightfoot, Bobby Wallis, Bruce Turner and Mick Mulligan. For the benefit of those luckless jazz fans who are forced to spend their summer in the north, the Beaulieu Festival unit is to make a one-night stand at Bridlington on 4 August, with a possible further appearance north of the Border a few days later.

It is a curious thing that while the traditional jazz movement thrives in Britain to the point where booking agents and bands alike complain that there are not enough bands of quality to meet the demands of the clubs, the opposite situation exists in the States. No one wants to book or record a trad band, unless there is some sure-selling gimmick attached to the deal. Even the popular Dukes of Dixieland had to resort to such gimmicks in their latest album for Audio Fidelity, *Louis & the Dukes* (AFSD5924). They invited Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong to sit in on the session, with very disappointing results. The trumpet maestro sounds ill at ease in this context, and was obviously off form. He lacks the personal support of his own All Stars, and the highly individual method of recording, excellent in itself, only serves to highlight his numerous small imperfections during this date. Let no one say that Satch is finished—he just did not come up to his customary high-quality performance.

The gem of the week on record is widely divorced from jazz; in fact it comes from that scintillating artist, Joyce Grenfell. She probably needs less introduction to readers than any jazz artist I have ever mentioned in this column. In the space of 50 glorious minutes she explores such improbable subjects as *Life and Literature*, *Nursery School* and *Artist's Room*. **Presenting Joyce Grenfell** (EKL184) is released by a new American label, Elektra.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY out this week is *Babbled of Green Fields*, by Denzil Batchelor (left), the TV personality and sports correspondent. Hutchinson publish it at 25s. NEW BIOGRAPHY is Brasshat, Basil Collier's study of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson (Secker & Warburg, 30s.), from which the pictures (below) of Haig & Joffre with Lloyd George, and British artillery on the Somme were taken. Siriol Hugh-Jones, who has been ill, will resume her weekly book review next week.



ROBERT
WRAIGHT
ON
GALLERIES

Alexandre, Alpes Maritimes.

No bandwagon for Alexandre

WHEN I LAMENTED LAST WEEK THAT THERE WAS NO NEW PROVENÇAL painter of merit to be discovered in the smart little dealers' galleries of the Côte d'Azur, I had no idea that within a few days I was myself to discover (or perhaps I should say rediscover, since he once had a one-man show—in London 32 years ago!) a *petit maître* in the most unexpected surroundings. My painter—I shall call him simply Alexandre in order to preserve his peaceful way of life from the attentions of the wrong sort of dealers—is a full-blooded peasant. He lives in an old farmhouse surrounded by vineyards and in sight of the cottage in which he was born 69 years ago. He has been a compulsive painter since

CONTINUED ON PAGE 187



PAUL ALMASY

The pictures are for burning at the hands of Mme. Lucie Valore Utrillo who made a bonfire of 12 fake Utrillos in a Montmartre garden. They had fetched high prices on the Paris art market until their validity was questioned in a court action prepared by Chief Commissioner Isnard and brought by Utrillo's widow and M. Petrides the art dealer. The canvases were propped up against each other, petrol was sprinkled, the fakes were set alight, but suddenly Mme. Utrillo nervously said "I'm not sure they're fakes." The experts reassured her and the fire burned on

VERDICTS *continued*

boyhood and his output is tremendous. His home is full of pictures, most of them done on paper and cardboard and sticking together in piles on chairs and tables.

I first came upon his work in the villa of a friend who had acquired a flower piece and a still life in return for little more than a *pourboire*. The assurance of the drawing, the freedom of the brushwork, the sensuous feeling for paint and the richness of colour and tone brought to mind immediately the work of Sir Matthew Smith. From what I had heard of Alexandre it seemed unlikely that he had even heard of Matthew Smith, let alone been influenced by him. And indeed, when I talked to him I found that though surprisingly knowledgeable about the history of painting, his acquaintance with English art did not go much beyond the period of Constable and Bonington, both of whom he extolled by raising his right eye to heaven, pursing his lips, rolling his head and repeating, "*Très bons peintres. Ah oui, très bons peintres.*"

Alexandre remembers the time when the district in which he lives was the centre for many artists, but now exploitation for the tourist trade has made it too dear for them. Among the many visiting painters he came to know were the *pointilliste* Henry Edmond Cross, Marie Laurencin, and the Dadaist and Surrealist Francis Picabia, each of whom gave him the example of their work that now hangs in the little room that serves him as a studio. But the artist who gave him most encouragement in his early days was a Russian called Peske. Rheumatic legs ("*Je bois trop de vin,*" he explains) mean that he can no longer work in the fields. And his work in the *caves* can be done in the evening, leaving most of the day for painting. He never goes far from home. His subjects are the contents of his "studio" and the view from its only window. The perception and imagination which he brings to this limited range of subjects is astonishing. On the day I first called on him six variations on the view from the window lay, still wet, upon a table. This time I was reminded by his palette of Renoir's landscapes, but in the spirited manner in which the paint had been applied there was more of Expressionism than Impressionism. "*Je peins seul pour plaisir,*" he told me.

I asked myself how it happened that this "*vrai seigneur de la terre qui vit comme un ange*" (as one of his neighbours describes him) had hung up in the middle of a tough peasant community. There had never been any artists in his family but his father, who combined the role of land surveyor with his winegrowing, had some artistic inclinations: it was through him that, as a child, he knew Cross and Peske. In 1917 Alexandre lost the sight of his left eye while fighting as an infantryman on the Somme. This misfortune, he says jokingly, made his life better for painting. When I told him that in England we had a painter of horses named Munnings who also had only one eye, he produced a couple of canvases inspired by memories of the cowboys in the Camargue. But his horses belong in a world even further removed from the world of Munnings's horses than his own life is removed from



R. WRAIGHT

Alexandre, the unknown painter who works in the wine cellars of his native countryside. His style brings to mind that of Sir Matthew Smith

that of the late President of the Royal Academy. In these two pictures there is an element of the naivety that might be expected from a man who says of himself, "*Je suis paysan toute ma vie.*" But to the sun-soaked landscapes, the succulent fruits and the flowers vibrant with colour that are his usual subjects, he brings the vision and the skill of a born painter who has looked long and thoughtfully at Cézanne as well as the Fauves—and has then gone his own sweet way.

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ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

Pros & cons of Hybrid Teas

G. S. Fletcher

THAT SOME MODERN HYBRID TEA ROSES (AND BY MODERN I MEAN THOSE introduced during the last 20 years or so) have charming qualities cannot be denied. I grow them myself—though not many, largely because my house is of the Regency period and I have laid out the garden in the style of the time. To do otherwise would be a solecism: gardening is an integral part of architecture as the Dutch so well understood, and this is, incidentally, a factor to which I shall be returning in the future. Another reason for growing so few contemporary roses is simply that, with some exceptions, the form and colour of these roses is, in my opinion, often inartistic and unsatisfactory. This harshness of colour—bilious yellows, horrible oranges and so on—can be partly traced back to the introduction of *Soleil d'Or* by Pernet-Ducher at the turn of the century and *Rayon d'Or* in 1910. It led to a range of strong, bizarre colours, comparable to those extracted from coal-tar and about as displeasing to the eye. With this came a loss of form, scent and a tendency to blackspot. There are people who believe that flower colours cannot clash. Perhaps they seldom do when grown as Nature provides, but we are dealing with the highly complex creations of the hybridists, who often have more skill than taste. This notion can be classed, therefore, as one of the English folk myths, like the belief that army officers are stupid; that Lancashire people always open tins of pineapple chunks at funerals; that the cutting of one's throat is a cure for warts.

Hybrid Teas are grown for long-flowering qualities, but it seems to me that the demand for more protracted blooming and increasingly spectacular colours is a vicious taste. Time was when roses bloomed only in the months of June and July, but old varieties of these kind are exceedingly abundant during their season. For example, one of my Hybrid Perpetuals, *Jules Margottin*, covers itself with rich, bright, sweetly scented roses of a carmine hue throughout these two months—what more could one ask? On the other hand, Hybrid Teas are neat in their habits, an important point to bear in mind in a small garden whenever regularity of effect is required: one can get a lot of bushes in a small area at, say, 18-inch centres, whereas the old-fashioned garden roses need more space. While in recent years growers have made some progress towards restoring the scent of Hybrid Tea roses, there is one more point to be kept in mind—that the individual blooms are often fugitive in colour quality. They are quickly bleached by the sun, very unsatisfactory as bedding roses, and the blooms become tatty and unrecognizable. Many of the older Hybrid Teas are free from these defects, and although I shall be devoting detailed attention to them in time, a few varieties can be given here. One of the finest is *La France*, the first Hybrid Tea, introduced by Guillot in 1867. It is enchanting. Others of equal merit include *General McArthur*, 1905, illustrated here (named after the father of the present holder of the name). *Gen. McArthur* is a rich velvety dark crimson: it is supposed to blue badly in bad weather but I have never experienced this and I grow it both as a bedding rose and as a climber. It also makes a well-shaped standard. Two others are *Lady Roberts* (actually an apricot tea of 1902) and *Caroline Testout* of 1890, which is a rose that will grow almost anywhere, in town gardens and even in shaded positions.





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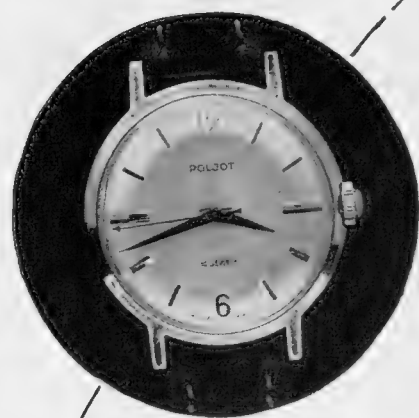


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GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

Mix one brand new hairdo (Leonard's swinging, side-sliding club cut) with a stunning make-up (Helena Rubinstein's inspired mixing of Dark Peaches & Cream Silk Tone Foundation under Opalescent powder with a flicking of Luminescent powder on top. Eyes are shaped with black and given a backing of pearl eye shadow and Star Sapphire shadow. Hot Red lips—a look simple yet sizzling

Demonstration with duckling

Helen Burke

IT IS WORTH TAKING EXTRA TROUBLE TO MAKE AN OUTSTANDING dish. *Terrines* of poultry are just such "show-off" pieces, well within the capabilities of the hostess-cook. Ducklings have come down in price in the past few weeks and so an ambitious young cook might like to try her hand at a showy but quite easy-to-make *TERRINE OF DUCK*. Buy a duck weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 lb. and ask the poulterer to bone it for you. Buy also a calf's foot and have it chopped through. If you can manage to get 5 extra duck livers, so much the better. Failing them, chicken livers or 12 oz. calf's liver will do. Put the duckling bones and the well cleaned calf's foot in a pan and well cover them with cold water. Add a sliced carrot and onion, a *bouquet garni*, a sliver of lemon peel and salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Bring to the boil, skim, cover and very gently simmer for 3 hours. Strain the stock into a basin and leave it to become cold.

Sprinkle the livers with a pinch each of powdered thyme and bay leaf and salt and pepper to taste. If calf's liver is used, cut it roughly into duck-liver-sized pieces. Gently fry the chopped duck fat until it flows. Press out and discard the residue. Add 3 oz. butter and, when hot, turn the livers about in the fats until they are stiffened but still very underdone. Pound them in a mortar, then sieve them. Place the boned duckling, minus the tail stump, on a table and spread the sieved liver on it. Wrap and roll the bird to fit into the buttered *terrine*. Dot the surface with 1 to 2 tablespoons of brandy then cover the top with a very thin slice of back pork fat. Cover tightly, place in a pan of hot water and bake for 45 to 50 minutes in a moderately slow oven (350 degrees F., or gas mark 4).

Meanwhile, remove any fat from the cold stock. (It is a good idea to test a little of the stock by putting a teaspoonful into a saucer in the refrigerator to see if it will set well. If not, add a pinch or two of powdered gelatine.) Pour the stock carefully into a pan so as to leave a deposit behind. Beat the white of an egg just enough to "bring it together." Add it to the stock and slowly bring it to the boil, whisking all the time. Draw aside, then return to the heat again and once more bring to the boil in the same way. Wring out a piece of butter muslin from a very hot water. Place it, doubled, over a basin or small pan and pour the stock (now aspic) through it.

When the *terrine* is taken from the oven, remove the pork fat and cover the *pâté* with the hot aspic. Leave to become cold. Before taking the *terrine* to table, wipe off the remaining top fat with a clean muslin wrung out of hot water. Pass the *terrine* for folk to help themselves, or turn out the *pâté*, cut it into slices with a sharp knife and garnish them with curly parsley.

Having taken great pains to make a perfect *terrine*, it could easily be spoiled, as was one I had the other day in a famous restaurant. Someone had stored it just under the coldest part of the refrigerator so that when it was taken out at the last minute, the top was covered to a depth of almost half-an-inch with ice crystals and the *pâté* did not taste of anything. So store yours in the least cold part of the refrigerator and, before serving it, take it out for the chill to disappear, remembering that calf's foot aspic is soft and tends to soften even more at room temperature, which makes it all the more important not to over-chill it.

Now a word about MELONS. The Charante ones have been wonderful, as usual; the honeydews, too. But the outsize cantaloups seldom measure up to their appearance. I would cut off a "lid" less than a quarter of the way down, and spoon out the seeds. Then, with a potato baller, remove the flesh of the melon, or simply cut it out with a grapefruit knife. Place the sections in a basin with a squeeze of lemon juice. Add 1 to 2 each of peeled and sliced peaches, dessert pears and bananas, all really ripe, and if you can get them, several stoned large ripe black cherries. Turn all these together and sprinkle them with caster sugar. Leave for the juices to run and mingle. Add a tablespoon or so of Kirsch or orange-flavoured liqueur. Turn into a tightly covered jar and chill, and serve the fruit in the melon "shell."

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MAN'S WORLD

Anyone for an amphora?

David Morton

WE ARE ALL LIVING IN A WORLD THAT IS LARGELY UNEXPLORED. WATER covers 72 per cent of it—330 million cubic miles of mystery. Small wonder that every year more and more people turn to snorkeling and aqualunging as a sport. It's a fascinating pastime; it can be the most gadgety of all, but you can get by with a minimum of equipment. Either way, it brings out the archaeologist, the botanist, the biologist in anyone who takes it up—and there's the chance of finding sunken treasure, if only an amphora. Any healthy swimmer can dive, but the sport isn't without some risks—risks that can be minimized by training and observing safety rules, especially in British waters, where temperatures and visibility are low.

Let's start with snorkeling. Basic equipment is fins, mask and snorkel, and swimming trunks, but off these shores a protective suit may be necessary. To neutralize buoyancy, a weighted belt may be worn, with a quick-release device. A self-inflating life jacket should always be worn; a CO₂ bottle inflates it in emergency. One of the best is the RFD Sub-Aqua jacket, £5 11s. 6d., endorsed by the British Sub-Aqua Club. A pair of good fins will cost about £2. Masks, costing about 30s., should be watertight, enclosing the eyes and nose, with a single shatterproof glass face-plate. Finally, the snorkel tube, simplest of all, which allows you to cruise just below the surface and breathe through your mouth. The tube should be the single bend type with a mouthpiece. Water-excluding valves are for the undisciplined and are dangerous in a choppy sea. A single bend tube which attaches to the mask costs about 10s. So for £4 (plus £5 11s. 6d. for the life jacket) you're set for a lot of fun. There's a lot of ancillary equipment, depend-

ing on your interests—depth gauge, camera, spear or harpoon gun.

Thoroughly competent snorkelers will soon want to go deeper and farther with an aqualung. The technique is more complicated and potentially dangerous for beginners. I can't emphasize too strongly the need for skilled training and stringent safety precautions and for this reason, and many others, you can't do better than join the British Sub-Aqua Club. Recruits should write to them at c/o 6 Bedford Square, W.C.1, for more details.

Some form of insulation against heat loss is vital in aqualunging. Rubber suits can be wet or dry. The "wet" suit has a layer of water trapped between suit and skin to warm up and thus slow down heat loss. "Dry" suits have seals to keep water out and are worn over sweaters and combinations. A "wet" suit costs about £23, a "dry" one about £18. In either case a fire on the beach and a flask of hot soup can be very welcome when you surface. An aqualung can cost from £30 to £80 depending on the number of cylinders, single-stage or two-stage. Most of the equipment is simple and reliable, but training by a qualified instructor is necessary and maintenance is vitally important. Life can depend on the good condition of equipment, so every screw should be checked.

When you're proficient endless activities lie ahead. Spear-fishing for instance—a metal hand spear costs only £1 1s.—or you can spend £23 10s. on the Crucero, elephant-gun of the underwater arsenal, with a range of 30 feet.

Underwater photography is equally good hunting. A watertight case for a Bell & Howell ciné camera, the "Aquasnap," costs £30. If you want to potter around for 45 minutes at 3½ knots, £97 will buy the Nautilus, a battery-operated propulsion unit, like a torpedo without warhead. Admiralty charts are useful—you can get them from the Admiralty chart agent, J. D. Potter, 145 Minories Road, E.C.3. Otherwise all the equipment I have mentioned can be had from Lillywhites, 24 Regent Street, who have a large underwater department and an even larger enthusiasm for this sport.

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MOTORING

New ideas & second thoughts

Gordon Wilkins

TODAY A NEW MODEL IS ADDED TO THE SINGER RANGE. IT CARRIES THE name of Vogue, which readers whose memories go back to pre-war days will associate with an elegant two-door coupé then built by Humber soon after they had been taken over by the Rootes Group.

Singer's Vogue has the popular features of modern style; four headlamps, four doors, a wrap-round windscreen of the less extreme kind, which should not obstruct the entrance too much, and a big rear window that sweeps round to the sides of the car. Interior finish is on the traditional quality lines which Rootes have adopted for Singer models, without any novel features. The fascia is in burr walnut, with a padded top roll, a lockable glove box and a full-width parcel shelf below it. The seats with foam rubber overlays on top of spring cases give comfortable space for four, and can take five or six at a pinch. A bench front seat with folding centre armrest is standard but two separate seats are available as an option. Door locks have hidden "child proof" catches which prevent the young baling out at awkward moments. In its mechanical design, the Vogue is orthodox. It is powered by the Rootes 1.6-litre four-cylinder engine, with a single carburettor, to give 62 horsepower as installed in the car. It has a four-speed gearbox with remote control floor lever, coil spring front suspension and semi-elliptic springs at the rear.

The brakes are Lockheed drums on all four wheels. The wheelbase is five inches longer than that of the Gazelle, which should help in giving a level, steady ride, and a useful contribution to easy maintenance has been made by reducing the greasing points to four. A large unobstructed space has been obtained in the luggage trunk by carrying the spare wheel in a drop-down cradle underneath. It is a solidly built, massive looking car and weighs about 100 lb. more than the Gazelle. It has a further interest, because the multi-million pound investments necessary to produce new bodies these days oblige manufacturers to use them as widely as possible and it seems highly probable that the same basic structure and panels will be eventually used for new Hillman and Rover models. The de Normanville overdrive or the Easidrive three-speed automatic transmission are available as optional extras. There is a wide range of single and dual colour schemes.

The tax-paid price of the Singer Gazelle has been cut by £32 and it has been given a larger engine; basically the same 1.6 litre unit as used in the new Vogue, but with somewhat lower power output.

Meanwhile Fiat have undertaken an extensive redesign of their latest car, the six-cylinder 2100, which now becomes the 2300. Its engine has been increased to 2.3 litres, and now gives 105 horsepower installed in the car, enough to guarantee a speed of 100 m.p.h. British disc brakes are now fitted on all four wheels, with vacuum servo, and the de Normanville overdrive is now offered as an optional extra. Later, a fully automatic transmission will be available. An interesting technical feature is the electro-magnetic clutch that stops the engine cooling fan when it is not needed. This cuts down engine noise at fast cruising speeds and should have quite a useful long-term effect on fuel consumption. It also helps quick warming up in cold weather.

But in another respect Fiat engineers have had second thoughts about technical innovations. They have abandoned their rather complicated rear suspension, which never seemed to me to give results commensurate with the extra cost and complication, and have adopted a strictly orthodox rigid axle, with highly conventional semi-elliptic springs, just as Rootes have on the Singer Vogue. With its innumerable clever refinements in trim and equipment (adjustable backrests, pedal operated screen-washer, defrosting for side windows, handbrake and fuel reserve warning lamps, three courtesy lights and rear assist straps are all standard equipment) the Fiat 2300 is now one of Europe's outstanding medium sized cars. Right-hand drive models will reach England in the autumn.



The redesigned Fiat 2100—now the 2300—is fitted with four headlamps to cope with higher speed



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McCreery—Meynell: Sarah Virginia, daughter of General Sir Richard & Lady McCreery, of Stowell Hill, Templecombe, Somerset, was married to Captain Hugo Ivo Meynell, son of Lieutenant Colonel & Mrs. H. Meynell, of Tithebarn Cottage, Melbourne, Derby, at Sherborne Abbey, Dorset



Carver—Prosser: Angela Stella, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Carver, of Lapworth, Warwick, was married to Alan Armfield, son of the late Mr. G. Prosser & Mrs. Prosser, of Newnham, Dorridge, at Lapworth parish church



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Murray Smith—Whiteside: Rosemary Anne, daughter of the late Captain H. S. Murray Smith, R.N., & Mrs. Murray Smith, of Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, was married to Lieutenant Robin Courtenay Whiteside, R.N., son of Maj.-Gen. A. Whiteside, of Surbiton, & Mrs. Bowden, of Milton, Berks, at St. Mary's, Weybridge



TOM HUSTLER

Holman—Beattie: Carol, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. R. Holman, of Stillwater, West Byfleet, was married to John Humphrey, son of the late Major W. A. Beattie, M.C., and of Mrs. F. J. E. Houghton, Meysey Hampton, Gloucestershire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Binnie—Herbert: Annabel Evelyn, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Steven Binnie, of Gatehouse of Fleet, Kirkcudbrightshire, was married to Peter Meldrum, son of Sir Edwin & Lady Herbert, of Tangleway, Blackheath, nr. Guildford, at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Gatehouse of Fleet

WEDDINGS

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. O. M. R. Howell and Miss S. R. J. Lucas

The engagement is announced between Owain Morgan Rhys, son of Dr. O. Rhys Howell and the late Mrs. O. Rhys Howell, of Marland, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, and Susan Rosemary Jane, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings P. Lucas, of Wraxall Court, Wraxall, Somerset.

Mr. J. J. Adler and Miss H. A. Drew

The engagement is announced between John, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Adler, of Long Ridings, Roundwood Avenue, Hutton, Essex, and Hilary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Drew, of Windy Brow, Gaynes Park Road, Upminster, Essex.

Mr. B. F. McNamee and Miss J. E. Bucknill

The engagement is announced between Bernard Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McNamee, of 3 Chaucer Road, Ashford, Middlesex, late of Cairo, Egypt, and Jane Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Peter Bucknill, Q.C., and Mrs. Bucknill, of High Corner, Ashted, Surrey.

Mr. M. J. B. Saw and Miss G. Clarke

The engagement is announced between Malcolm John, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Saw, of 76 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, and Gilda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Clarke, of Hillcrest, Mount Pleasant, Norwich.

Mr. G. G. MacMillan and Miss C. J. Spurgin

The engagement is announced between George Gordon, eldest son of General Sir Gordon and Lady MacMillan, Finlaystone, Langbank, Renfrewshire, and Cecilia Jane, only daughter of Mrs. Clare Spurgin, Rodneys, Blockley, Gloucestershire, and the late Captain A. R. Spurgin.

Mr. M. E. Pawley and Miss M. T. Johnston

The engagement is announced between Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Pawley, of The Corner House, Faringdon, Berkshire, and Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. R. Tordiff Johnston and of Mrs. Johnston, of Aldoth, Boars Hill, Oxford.

Mr. G. B. Raymond and Miss D. V. Kidd

The engagement is announced between Gary, son of Mr. Robert Raymond, of Woolley House, Loughborough Road, S.W.9, and the late Mrs. Raymond, and Delena, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Kidd, of Glebe House, Washington, Co. Durham.

Mr. A. J. C. Mackay Miss J. Meachem

The marriage between Alastair James Culbard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowand Mackay, The Oaks, Tadworth, Surrey, and Oldmills, Elgin, Moray, and Janet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. V. Meachem, Stoatswold, Kingswood, Surrey, will take place at St. Andrew's Church, Kingswood, Surrey, on Saturday, September 9.

Dr. A. M. Goodbody and Miss A. E. Mountford

The engagement is announced between Anthony Milnes, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Goodbody, of Medina Avenue, Esher, Surrey, and Ann Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir James and Lady Mountford, of Vice-Chancellor's Lodge, Liverpool.

Mr. R. F. Hart Jackson and Miss J. M. McNeill

The engagement is announced between Rowland Frederick, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hart Jackson, of Heading Wood, Ulverston, Lancashire, and Janet Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. McNeill, of 10 Woodcote Avenue, Wallington, Surrey.

Mr. J. C. Larkin and Miss D. Shaw

The engagement is announced between John Charles, son of Mrs. Helen Larkin and the late Mr. William Larkin, of Burnbank, Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, and Deirdre, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shaw, of Heron's Hill, Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

Mr. J. G. H. Thwaites and Miss V. N. Wright

The engagement is announced from Djakarta, between John Gilbert Hugh, son of Dr. J. G. Thwaites, of 109 Cholmley Gardens, London, N.W.6, and of Mrs. E. J. Thwaites, of 2 Florence Road, Brighton, Sussex, and Valerie Norwood, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Wright, of Greystones, Eype Down, Bridport, Dorset.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 192 for details

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